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CHRONICLE REPORT

OF THE

250TH ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

OF

IPSWICH, AUGUST 16, 1884

TOGETHER WITH A FEW SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN.

ILLUSTRATED.

IPSWICH: CHRONICLE PRESS.
1884.

Introduction.

Our apology for presenting this pamphlet to the public is to be found in the just now more than usual interest of the present and former residents of Ipswich and vicinity in matters pertaining to our local history. The present work does not pretend to cover more than a small fraction of the ground it encroaches upon. The subject is capable of great expansion and the present work is issued in the hope that it may be followed by others of greater merit and more extensive study. The demand for copies of the *Ipswich Chronicle* containing a report of the exercises attendant upon the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town, being much greater than the publisher was able to supply, it has been thought best to re-publish it in this form. The reader will understand that it is substantially the same as it then appeared, and not confound it with the more complete and consequently higher priced book which the committee on the celebration propose to publish. The illustrations are by Arthur W. Dow assisted by Everett S. Hubbard, both talented young artists, natives of Ipswich. Future Ipswich, as she reads this little memorial sheaf of the day now fast passing into history, will, doubtless, thank us for preserving these more unpretentious fragments and records; and will glean, it may be, some incident or fact which will add interest to anniversaries of coming

years. The Ipswich of today will thus add her tribute of gratification and pleasure to the Ipswich of some distant tomorrow. Quite a number of the illustrations and a few of the accompanying sketches have been before published in the *Ipswich Antiquarian Papers* and other publications. The remainder, however, have never before been given to the public. In preparing this pamphlet the publisher has received material assistance from Rev. Augustine Caldwell, of Worcester; to Rev. E. O. Jameson, of East Medway, and to Jarvis Cutler Howard, A. M., of Brooklyn, N. Y., thanks are also due for favors received.

I. J. POTTER, Publisher.

The Celebration.

The 250th anniversary of the settlement of our town is a thing of the past. To say that the celebration of the occasion was a success is unnecessary, as the fact was apparent to everybody. If old John Winthrop, and his worthy colleagues, had been in town that day and seen the "madding throng" coursing through our streets, and heard the roar of cannon and the strains of music echoing along the banks of the river, they would have held up their hands in astonishment. A pleasanter day would hardly be wished for; clear, cool, and the streets devoid of dust.

For a week prior to the event, residents had been preparing to receive company on that day, and when Saturday morning dawned, it is estimated that hundreds of the sons and daughters of old Ipswich had returned to the parental roof tree to see their native town celebrate its birthday.

At early morn, everybody was awakened by the booming of cannon on Town hill, and the ringing of church bells. By eight o'clock, the streets had a decidedly lively appearance, as everybody had turned out to witness the forming of the procession on Market streeet.

The early train brought large accessions to the multitude, many of them invited guests, who, as they stepped from the train, were met by ushers, who escorted them to carriages. On the 8:36 train, Governor Robinson, accompanied by Adjutant-General Dalton, and others of his staff, besides several other distinguished guests arrived, and were shown to carriages, that of the governor being an open barouche, drawn by four handsome grays. He was immediately driven to his place in the procession, which moved at about 9:30, in the following order:

Chief Marshal, COL. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL.
Chief of Staff, CHARLES W. BAMFORD.

AIDS:

W. E. Lord.	Charles Haskell.
L. H. Daniels.	Elisha W. Brown.
Fred G. Ross.	S. G. Brackett.
A. P. Jordan.	Charles W. Blake.
E. C. Brown.	Wayland W. Waite.
Curtis Damon.	Lawrence McKay.
A. W Brown.	B. B. Burnham.
W. A. Stone.	J. J. Sullivan.

Willard F. Kinsman.
Germania Band, of Boston, 25 pieces
General Appleton Post, 128, G. A. R., 100 men,
Commander, Luther Wait.
John D. Billings, Department Commander, and Staff.
O. H. P. Sargent Post, 152, G. A. R., of Essex, 40 men,
Commander, Timothy Andrews.
Agawam Lodge, No. 52, I. O. O. F., Noble Grand, A. H. Plouff; Marshal, William P. Ross; 56 men.

Ipswich Mutual Benefit Society, Charles Allson, President; N. L. Clark, Conductor. 50 men.

Carriages containing Veteran G. A. R., Veteran Odd Fellows, Veteran Soldiers and Sailors.

Mr. I. K. Jewett's Team.

Survivors of the Denison Light Infantry, and Thomas L. Smith, only survivor—in Ipswich—of the war of 1812.

Lynn Brass Band, 25 pieces, under Drum-Major Colcord.

S. F. Canney, Chief Engineer Ipswich Fire Department.

ASSISTANTS:

E. W. Choate. Moses Spiller. Erastus Clarke, Jr.

Marblehead Drum Corps.

Warren Engine and Hose Company, George P. Smith, Foreman, 40 men.

Barnicoat Engine Company; Stephen Baker, Foreman; 50 men.

Danvers Drum Corps.

Sutton Hook and Ladder Company; N. Archer, Foreman; 25 men.

Washington Blues, in barge.

Carriages containing Veteran Odd Fellows, and veteran Soldiers and Sailors.

Carriage containing Governor Robinson and Staff.

Hon. Stephen H. Phillips; Rev. J. C. Kimball, orator of the day; Hon. Edgar J. Sherman, Attorney-General; County Commissioners Raymond, Bishop, and Colby; Mr. R. H. Manning; John Ward Dean, Col. A. H. Hoyt, and N. Safford, of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society: Hon. E. F. Stone, M. C.; Major Ben: Perley Poore; ex-mayor Luther Caldwell, Elmira, N. Y.; Hon. George A. Bruce; Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D.

Selectmen of Hamilton, Rowley, and Essex.

Rev. Augustine Caldwell; Veterans of Ipswich Ezekiel Peabody, aged 96, Jeremiah S. Perkins, aged 87, (now of Salem), and J. Pulsifer, (now of Salem); Mayor Hill, of Salem; Selectmen and Officers of the Town.

The procession marched over the following route: Market to Depot Square; countermarch; Market to Central; through

Central, Gravel and High to Harris Square; countermarch down High, through East, Cross, Summer, Water, Green, County, and Summer, down Main to the Soldiers' Monument; thence by Green, County, School and Linden to South Main, and up Town Hill.

All along the line Governor Robinson was the recipient of frequent courtesies and applause, which he gracefully acknowledged. The well-known figure of Ben: Perley Poore was also singled out for recognition. The bearing of those in the procession, and the general appearance of the line were the subject of frequent commendation from the observers. At about 11 o'clock, the procession arrived at the North Green, where it was dismissed, the various organizations returning to their headquarters, while the crowd filed into the tent where the literary exercises were held. The tent was packed with listeners and along the sides were many more, anxious to get a word of the treat inside.

The exercises opened with music by the Germania band, after which, Hon. George Haskell, President of the day, spoke as follows:

"Two hundred and fifty years ago today, the Court of Assistants, which then constituted the government of the Massachusetts colony, passed an order 'that Agawam shall be called Ipswich,' and from that time and event we reckon our existence as a town. We have met today to commemorate that event—to revive and strengthen the remembrance of the circumstances and events attending the settlement of the town and of the characters and work of the men engaged in the undertaking. The fertility of the soil and the beauty of the location allured settlers here several years before the act of incorporation and before any grant of the land had been made

or authorized, for we find that as early as 1630, September 7, the same day on which it was ordered that 'Tri-Mountain shall be called Boston,' the Court of Assistants also ordered 'that a warrant shall be presently sent to Agawam to command those that are planted there forthwith to come away.' Who were then 'planted' here, and whether they left or not, are matters of uncertainty. A few years later, and about the time of incorporation, some of the most prominent men in the colony came here to reside. They had lands granted them—town lots for dwellings, planting lots of about six acres near by, and larger tracts of farming lands more remote. Before many years elapsed several of these men moved from town and sold their lands here and some who moved away retained their lands, which passed by inheritance to a branch of the family who have retained them to the present time. Those who remained gave their attention to the cultivation of their lands, and agriculture became, and for two hundred years continued to be, the principal business of the town. These early settlers were well educated for that period. They knew the value of education, and they immediately provided for the instruction of their children. They understood their rights and were among the first in the country to assert these rights against the encroachments of the crown. They comprehended their duties as citizens, and no interest of church or town suffered by their neglect. They recognized their obligations to a rightful government, and were prompt to respond to all requisitions for men or means which the exigencies of the colony made necessary. Living upon their farms their life was a secluded one, but on these estates they enjoyed the highest blessings of human life—health, peace, plenty and contentment. But such quiet lives are not adapted to all times and to all temperaments, and many natives of the town in every generation moved away in quest of fame or fortune. We have no reason to complain of their departure, for they took with them generally cultivated intellects and good morals, and many of them became

centres of wide-spread and beneficial influence in their new homes, and thus brought honor upon their native town. The people of this town have always been much interested in the families of those who moved therefrom, and have taken pride in the prominence they attained in business and professional circles in larger communities, and we are glad, very glad, to meet on this occasion, representatives of the families who moved from our borders in the earlier and the later times. We trust that they will find in the incidents of this day, in what they shall see and hear of the town, its origin, progress, people, natural beauties and institutions, something to increase and strengthen their interest in the town, its history, and its future. It is one of the peculiar advantages of a celebration of this kind that it calls these wanderers home; that it strengthens and quickens the memories that cluster around the home of their childhood; that it excites an interest in the localities and scenes in which their ancestors lived and labored, and strengthens their affection for their native land. Love of home begets love of country, and it is well, by such a celebration as this, to strengthen the attachment of every son and daughter of the land to their old ancestral home, so that wherever they may wander over the earth they will turn to it with fond recollection and come back to it in after life to revive the memories of the past and to renew associations and ties of their childhood and youth. During the long existence of the town, and since many of these families moved away from her borders, there have, of course, been some changes here, but much remains as it was in the times of our ancestors. Enough remains unchanged we think, to make the town interesting to their descendants. Many of these dwellings they built and occupied. The fields they planted and tilled are all around us. Their graves are here. Sires and sons of successive generations rest on yonder hillside. We walk to-day in the paths our fathers trod; we drink at the fountains from which they drank; we gather around the hearthstones

which they laid; and nature here wears her primitive beauty, still unspoiled by the hand of man. From these surrounding hilltops we have the same grand and beautiful prospect which they beheld. On one side, the ocean, always sublime; the islands, the long line of shore and distant headlands; on the other side, a wide and varied prospect of hill and valley, field and forest, and the little stream glistening among the branches and tall grass—a view which must have filled their hearts with gladness when they first looked upon it as their land of promise; and which is spread before our sight today as our inheritance from them."

Following this, came the reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Charles T. Johnson, of the M. E. church, after which, the following hymn, written by the Rev. J. P. Cowles, was sung to the tune Meribah, by a chorus of fifty voices, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Kimball, of Oberlin, Ohio, assisted by Mrs. Alfred Hale, pianist, and Mr. E. H. Bailey, organist:

I love the land that gave me birth;
What lovelier spot can be on earth
  Than where I first drew breath!
I love the ashes of my sires;
Fresh will I keep their altar fires
  Until I sleep in death.

Hail, solemn Puritanic shore!
All hail, thine everlasting roar
  Of deep Atlantic born!
Can other rock with that compete
Where stepped those blessed Pilgrim feet
  That cold December morn!

Henceforth thy ragged rocks are fair,
New England, yea, beyond compare;
  One sanctifies them all;

Thy hills are crowned with yeomen bold,
Their thews of strength thy rights enfold
As with a granite wall.

This is our cradle, here our graves;
Where is the recreant soul that craves
A Paris, or a Rome?
Brave Peregrine! the first that said,
Here I was christened, here I wed,
And this shall be my home.

Young star of empire, hold thy way,
None talk to thee of cold decay,
Or calculate thine age.
None speculate with curious eyes
And base delight on thy demise,
Or spell thy latest page.

Foes of my country, think, beware;
Touch not the ark beloved where
Her pledge of union lies;
Her band of stars shall not decline,
Her heroes never cease to shine
Clear in the upper skies.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Temple Cutler, of Essex, after which the president announced that the poem by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford would be reserved for after dinner, and the Rev. J. O. Knowles read the following poem, or poems, the latter part being a happy combination of the many local names and localities of Ipswich, which were received with great favor by the audience.

In other climes and other days,
The poets in their tuneful lays,

Have sung their native country's praise
Right royally;
And moved the men of after years,
To deeds heroic, or to tears;
And made them, spite of foes or fears,
Act loyally.

Their living words have conquered fate,
And made the deeds of all the great
The proudest trophies of the state,
And richest dower;
And made the spots forever bright,
Where heroes dared to do the right,
And faced the wrong tho' mailed in might
And kingly power.

In rythmic lines we see again
The beauties of the mountain glen;
Or walk within the gloomy fen,
With Scotland's bard;
Or wander on its heath plains wide;
Or cleave Loch Levin's tawny tide;
Or climb Ben Nevis' rocky side,
By tempests scarred.

Again the Greeks rejoice to see
The glimmer of the welcome sea;
Again at old Thermopylæ
The Spartan braves
Roll back the swarms of Xerxes' host;
Humble the proud invader's boast,
And glorify their coast
With patriot graves.

But time would fain the tale to tell
Of running stream, or barren fell;

Of mountain pass, or shady dell
Sacred in song;
Of Swiss or Saxon, Hun or Celt,
Whose souls the thrill of freedom felt,
That nerved their sturdy arms, that dealt
Death blows to wrong.

Scarce humbler men we sing to day,
Scarce humbler deeds these lines display,
Than those, of other bards the lay
In ages past;
For every test applied to men
To measure greatness now or then,
Declares our fathers to have been
Of merit vast.

Small need is there our limping verse
Should trace their lives heroic course,
And to our age their fame rehearse;
In fulsome strain;
For never since the world began,
And deeds in widening currents ran,
Have men endured the more for man,
His rights to gain.

What though we read of fairer skies,
And vine clad hills that higher rise,
And greener fields to greet the eyes
Than these they loved;
We know our skies are fair and bland;
Our hills in modest beauty stand;
Our fields spread wide on every hand,
In verdure clothed.

Our old town lies beneath the hill;
Its shady streets are wide and still;

Its river murmurs past the mill
As years increase;
The church and school retain their place,
While on the whole a quiet grace
Rests like God's blessing on the race
In sweetest peace.

I have searched through the records with sedulous ken,
To learn all that I could of those venturesome men,
Who first built their rude homes on this since famous spot,
And divided these lands to their households by lot;
But I find that their part in founding a state
Kept them too busy by far their deeds to relate.
I suppose those old chaps had a very hard time,
As they worried life through in this rigorous clime;
And I dare to presume it is not very rash
If I say they often were hard up for cash;
That their mud chimneys *would* smoke, and their whitest chicks
Would quite often "peg out" with the old-fashioned pips.
Then there were the measles, and the big whooping cough,
And ugly warts on their hands they could not get off;
And besides other troubles that pestered their brats,
They had family jars and connubial spats,
With precisely the same little bother and fret
Their unfortunate descendants struggle with yet.
What fun it would be could we only restore
The picture, now faded, of years gone before;
The wheel and the distaff—the cradle and chair—
The queer Mother Hubbard and nicely puffed hair;
The bright pewter platters that answered for tin;
The hole in the door for the cat to get in;
The pot hooks and trammels that hung from the crane;
The pots and the kettles attached to the same;
The wide fire-place with the mantle above it,

On this side an oven, on that side a closet;
The bellows, the shovel, the poker and tongs,
And each hung up or standing where it belongs;
The queer sprawling creatures they dubbed fire dogs,
That bravely stood under their backload of logs;
The musket and cow's horn hung on rude brackets;
The corner beyond with it's homespun jackets;
The dames with their kerchiefs and caps white as snow;
The men's hair in pigtails, each tied with a bow;
All would strike us as odd, and force us to grin
At the queer little world these queer folks were in;
And yet, after all, there might be much more grinning,
If they could see us with *our* follies and sinning.
Some grumbling old heathen, I've forgotten his name,
Said, "For all the world's mischief some woman's to blame:"
But his speech would have been a great deal exacter
Had he said, "In human affairs she's chief factor."
All know Mother Eve, in the very beginning,
Susceptible Adam beguiled into sinning;
While Adah and Zillah, each but half of a wife,
Made muddle and torment of old Lamech's life.
But time will allow me but a brief allusion
As I dump them all in, in a careless confusion;
There were Rebecca, and Jane, and old Keturah,
Rachel, Ophelia, and prophetess Deborah,
Abigail and Mary, and grandmother Eunice,
Zenobia, who queened it outside of Tunis;
And Helen of Troy, the most winning of ladies,
And that other Helen, the mother of babies.
There were Huldah, and Ruth, and Mehitable, too,
And wicked old Jezebel, whom the eunuchs slew,
Phœbe and Lois, Tryphena and Tryphosa,
(I must not forget the maid of Saragossa.)
Elizabeth, Priscilla, Betsy, and Hannah,

Isabella, Victoria, and Susannah,
Xantippe, the scold, who blew up old Socrates,
Pocahontas, the maid with feet in moccasins,
Jerusha, Jemima, and old Mother Carey
Whose chickens will never fly over the prarie,
And gay Cleopatra, whose *post mortem* fame is
Not greater than that of the great Semamaris.
Now here I should add names of ladies of worth,
Who blessed the first years of this place of our birth;
But recorders were just a little bit blind,
Or bachelors crusty, who wives could not find;
For scarce has a woman had mention or place,
Except note of the death that comes to the race;
To snatch her in part from oblivion's grave
One woman's short story old John Winthrop gave,
As worth recording for the years to come;
Because, though blind and deaf, and also dumb,
She still, in spite of nature's cruel dealing,
The names of men could tell by sense of feeling.
Yet even here is evidence completest
That man, and not the woman, is the weakest;
For had she chanced to be of man's estate possessed,
No woman's name by any sense could have been guessed.

That the women of our early history may this day have their due share of honor, I offer the following sentiment:

Here's to the women of the olden time!
The women strong and brave and true,
Who bore the rigors of this northern clime,
To them are cheerful honors due!
They were no courtly dames in raiment fine
With gems their tresses gleaming thro';
Their's was a robing of a faith sublime,
That made them strong and brave and true.

Here's to the women of the olden day!
The wives and sisters true and sweet,
Who walked with even steps in virtue's way;
For them are stintless honors meet.
They were no triflers, trilling lightsome lays,
With love-lorn victims at their feet;
Their's were the songs of faith and holy praise
That made them women true and sweet!

Here's to the women now beneath the sod!
The mothers tender, wise and good,
Who taught their children love and faith in God
By which they brave in danger stood.
The paths of righteousness they humbly trod,
With love restraining natures rude;
Their strength was virtue and a faith in God,
That made them tender, wise and good.

Then change the measure, theme and so-forth, and adopt the well-known style of Wordsworth:

How dear to my heart are the names heard in childhood,
When fond recollection decrees their review!
The Caldwells and Treadwells, and a tall Underwood,
And all the old codgers my early days knew;
The flock of the Shatswells, the Lanes who lived near them,
Russells and Rosses where the pudding-bag split;
The Perleys and Potters, with Nourses to rear them,
Are the names of some people I heard when a chit.
The old-fashioned titles—the time honored titles—
The names of the people I heard when a chit.

The Kimballs and Cogswells are names heard with pleasure,
And Baker, and Kinsman, and Conant as well,
The Browns, Smiths and Wades, with the Waits, fill this measure
And make room for Appletons, Dodges and Bell;

The Willcombs, the Farleys, the Haskells, and Goodhues,
The Heards and the Hodgkins, the Clarks, and the Millers,
The Colburns, and Choates, Cowles and Perkins' crews,
The Lakemans, the Willetts, the Rusts, and the Spillers.
The old-fashioned titles—the time honored titles—
The names of the people I heard in my youth.

How sweet to old crones in some kitchen's warm corner,
To call up the names, Ellsworth, Sutton and Wise,
And tell of the pranks of Lord, Manning or Warner,
In the days when they dazzled their girlish eyes.
And now, far removed from the home of my childhood,
Of Harrises, Dunnells, and Newmans I hear,
With Averills, Fellows, and Fosters as good,
The names of the people once sweet to my ear.
The old-fashioned titles—the time honored titles—
The names of the people still sweet to my ear.

I conclude with a short walk, very abruptly ended:

And now, fellow-townsmen, it is well to suggest
That before we lie down on our pillows to rest,
We walk through our village, and out on our plains,
To find the old spots with their wonderful names,
And more wonderful legends of red men or white,
The ears of our childhood that filled with delight.
Among these old scenes we will wander at will,
Begining our walk here, on Meeting-house hill.
Here rose the first temple of praise and of prayer,
And here were the pillory, stocks, and the chair
In which the women who dared to arouse
The town with their tongues, were given a souse.
Here, also, paraded, when the hamlet was young,
A slanderous vixen, a split stick on her tongue.
Here the grave ruling elders of church and of state
Together held counsel o'er interests great;

And here came the people on days for election.
With beans, black and white, to make their selection
As they dropped them into the box; so it seems
They who counted those ballots had to "know beans."
And now lift up your eyes—there, verdant and still,
Is the play-ground of childhood, the old Town Hill.
We pass on our way leading down to the valley,
The ancient old thoroughfare, Clam Shell Alley.
Not to tax our pedal extremities hard,
We will leave on our right our famous Ship Yard;
And, rather than put our rhymes out of joint,
Just mention that down there lies "Nabby's Point."
The "Diamond Stage" that never had wheels;
And "Labor in Vain," too crooked for eels.
To climb once more the well remembered hill.
Hog Lane, ascending, helps our footsteps still.
At length we reach the summit, and there comes
To sight an isle of sand, and pears, and plums;
This side the river, with its branching creeks,
And, fairer than the Euxine to the Greeks,
Beyond, the ocean rises to the view,
And, ceaseless, rolls its waves of liquid blue.
Why need we weary our old limbs with toil?
Let eyes, not feet, now march about the soil!
At first, and landward, seek the landscape's brim,
And count the verdant hills that shut it in.
See "Great Neck," where they pasture sheep and lambs,
It shares the famous camping ground for clams.
See "Heartbreak," where in vain a maid sought lover;
And Jewett's, Prospect, Eagle, Boar, and Plover.
To climb on Turkey Hill, our old-time strength is o'er,
We'll be content to waddle round on Turkey Shore.
What famous spots within this landscape lie,
Which spreads its light and shade before the eye!

"New Boston," where we gobbled the cherries,
And "Bull Brook" where we picked our berries,
And "Pine Swamp" where we tramped from morn till late,
To find at dusk our homeward road at "Red Gate."
If our eyes are as sharp as we claim them to be,
There's Hogtown, and Firetown, and Flytown to see,
And Linebrook, and Goose Village, with Goshen beyond,
But never the least glimpse of old Baker's pond.
We cannot forget those bright days if we would,
When we traveled for fun to old Candlewood.
The whole town to us was filled full of charms,
From Little Comfort 'way around to The Farms.
We turn our eyes below, and, at our feet,
Elm-shaded, lies in peace old Pudding street—
So named because a pudding, hard and dry,
Was stolen by some tipsy passers-by.
These later years from vulgar names have shrunk,
And called it High, because the thieves were drunk!
But we must pause. The mem'ries of the past
Like ocean tides are rising deep and fast.
Below are corners, streets and pleasant nooks,
That charmed our willing hours away from books,
And space supplied for play, or shade for rest,
In days agone, our sweetest and our best."

The anthem "Praise the Lord," was then sung by the chorus, followed by the oration by Rev. John Calvin Kimball, of Hartford, Conn., a son of Ipswich. The abstract which follows, gives a very comprehensive idea of its scope and interest:

"Two hundred and fifty years ago it was ordered by the General Court of Massachusetts assembled in Boston, that 'Agawam shall be called Ipswitch;' and this act, the modest christening of our infant town, born here in the wilderness

seventeen months before, we, its children and grandchildren, have now to celebrate.

Two hundred and fifty years of municipal life measured with the antiquity of many towns of the old world, with the two hundred and fifty thousand years of man's probable abode on earth, and with the vast periods since the earth itself emerged from its swaddling-clothes of fire-mist, are of course only the merest points of time, hardly worthy of a passing glance in the antiquarian's backward looking thought; but measured by the events and by the development of the world's real life, they are hardly less than all the vast ages, counted or uncounted, that stretch behind them to the farthest rim of time. When John Winthrop and his twelve companions made their first passage from here to Boston, if they had ever heard of Copernicus and his new theory of the sun and earth, or of Galileo and his 'Tuscan optic glass,' or of Harvey and his 'Circulation of the blood,' or of Lord Bacon and his 'Novum Organum,' it was only as far-off rumors not coloring in the slightest degree their actual thought.

The chief part of our great discoveries in science and art, and of all our grand ideas about liberty, self-government, toleration and the rights of man, and not only this but our present way of looking at the universe, at nature, man, life, religion, everything — as under the reign of constitutional laws rather than of personal will — have been brought to light since their day. And in passing from the Ipswich of 1884 back to the Ipswich of 1634, we pass from the modern to the ancient, from the noisy Now, with its telegraph and steam engine, to

'Those silent halls ---
Where lie the by-gone ages in their palls,'

almost as completely as in going to the birthday of a town which had counted its thousand years. But why should we go back at at all into the past; why take any more notice of this day than of any other in the town's history; why not heed those who tell us that regard for the olden time is a foolish sentiment; that

what we need to study is not our ancestors but ourselves; and that the truly progressive community is the one which spends its money in building up factories rather than monuments, and in opening workshops rather than tombs?

It is a question which receives a most satisfactory answer from one of these very sciences, that of evolution, which has come up in our time. The past is found under its teachings to be one of the mightiest of all factors in making the present, the study of our ancestors to be the surest of all ways by which to know ourselves. The Ipswich of today; its fields, factories, churches and schools, and its living men and women, are only the leaves and blossoms of a tree whose root, trunk and branches are the Ipswich of the past, as impossible to be lived and understood without it as those of our gardens would be if severed from their parent stem. We work, worship, and believe, even the most radical of us, not with our own strength, faith and devotion alone, but with those also of our buried sires. It is because the truth-seekers of our day stand on the shoulders of all the truth-seekers of the past, rather than because of their own tallness that they see so well the grand new truths of our time; and when our 384 Ipswich soldiers went forth in the late Union war to defend their country and the cause of liberty on new battle fields, it was the courage, patriotism and liberty loving of all the heroes of the grand old town who had fought the battles of the Revolution, marched to the siege of Louisburg and faced under woods and stars the Indian tomahawk in days gone by, that again, side by side, with their own valor flashed in their eyes, thrilled in their hearts and blazed in their guns.

> 'Words pass as wind, but where great deeds are done
> A power abides transfused from sire to son:
> The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
> Which, tingling through his pulse, life long shall run
> With sure impulse to keep his honor clear,
> When, pointing round, his father whispers 'Here,

Here where we sang stood they, the purely great,
Then Nameless, now a Power, and mixed with fate.'

And as every farmer knows that digging in the earth among the roots of the trees, is one of the surest ways by which to increase and enrich their fruit up among the branches, so our town's money and time spent to-day in digging among the memories of its two hundred and fifty by-gone years are not for a pleasant holiday merely, or for the gratification of an idle curiosity alone, but are what will show themselves better than by any other use in its richness of growth through all the years to come.

Moreover the fact that our town has grown up from its past to be only a small community and that it remains still, not a city, but only a town, makes it all the worthier of being thus commemorated and studied. What Tennyson says of a single flower is equally true of a single town :

'Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I would know what God and man is.'

The towns of New England are its municipal flowers, the thing to know is to know what of all government is alike the most human and the most Divine. It was within their limits that was first tried on American soil the great experiment of a free Commonwealth ; by their hand that was organized as never before the now famous principle of a government 'of the people, by the people, for the people;' in their school that liberty learned to read and write not a few of the grand words with which so often since she has thrilled all humanity's heart ; out of their ideal that she afterwards carved the colossal grandeur of the whole Republic.

The fact is, that no one can understand the real nature and value of democracy. No one especially the foundation principles

of our own government who does not understand its New England towns; and among them all there is none in which their characteristics are more complete and the processes of their growth more distinct, none which has a fairer record, or that will pay better for being studied, than our own beautiful Ipswich.

> 'Whatever moulds of various brain
> E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,
> Whate'er made empires wax or wane,
> To him that hath not eyes in vain,
> Our village microscope can show.'

And so as a subject valuable in itself and appropriate for this occasion, I want to speak of the forces concerned in the planting and development of Ipswich as a characteristic New England town, not of its municipal structure alone, for this is only its skeleton, but of all that relates to its life and spirit, and that gives it a flesh and blood reality.

There is no denying that blood tells in the making of a community, even more than in the making of an individual. When civilization decided to try its experiment of a new nation on these western shores, it asked of humanity, first of all, its very best seed, and most nobly did humanity respond. As old William Stoughton expressed it in his Election sermon of 1668, 'God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness:' nay, more than that; He sifted for this purpose a whole race. Its settlers were not only of English blood, but of the old Aryan stock. For five thousand years they had been on their westward travels. All Northern Europe bore the rich marks of their pilgrim feet, and when they undertook to conquer the wilderness here, they had in their veins the strength, courage and manhood which had already conquered a score of wilds at home. John Winthrop and his twelve companions, who settled among the hills of Ipswich in 1633, a hundred others with their families a year after, and at the end of fifteen years a thousand in all—showed to the fullest extent the qualities of this original New England stock. In 1638,

Cotton Mather said of Ipswich that ' Here was a renowned church consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians that their pastors had not so much disciples as judges,' and eight years later, Johnson, in his ' Wonder Working Providence,' wrote that ' the peopling of this towne (Ipswich) is by men of good ranke and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England before they came to the wilderness.' The brilliant civilian and brave Indian fighter, General Samuel Appleton; New England's first poetess, Ann Bradstreet; the leading divine, Rev. Thomas Cobbett; the soldier, scholar and statesman, Major General Daniel Denison; the free thinker, Nicholas Eaton; the quaint old physician, Giles Firman, whose affections were equally divided between 'physick and divinitee'; the New England William Hubbard; the eloquent theologian, John Norton, author of the first Latin book ever printed in America, and a member of the Cambridge Synod; Deputy Governor Samuel Symonds and his wife Rebekah; America's first abolitionist, Richard Saltonstall; Nathaniel Ward, preacher, poet and scholar, whose 'Simple Cobbler of Agawam' has long been the town's ancient classic, and whose ' Body of Liberties,' the foundation stone of our State's independent sovereignty--their names and deeds are among New England's historic treasures. Not another town in the commonwealth could show a brighter list.

They brought wisdom, energy and dignity to the shaping of affairs at home and under their influence Ipswich for a whole generation had a leading voice with the colony at large, on the field of war, in the Ecclesiastical Synod and at the General Court. It was a stock, to be sure, which, so far as its own direct members were concerned, immediately afterward almost entirely disappeared. True it is that Ipswich experienced the intellectual dark day which came over all NewEngland in the second and third generations. Though the town had its Farley, Wade, Hodgkins, Wigglesworth, and Dana in the Revolution, and in its later years its Dana, Frisbee, Oakes, Manning, Hammett, Heard,

Choate, Lord and Shatswell. they were mostly of other connections and no one would claim that the town could show a list now that would compare at all for eminence with that of its earliest generations.

Nature's method of using blood for the building up of a race is intensely democratic. She works the same as in building up a continent. First, a great mountain chain is thrown by some convulsion high above the surrounding sea. Then, instead of being built up higher and higher, it is worn down by the forces of nature to form a level around. Another convulsion throws up another mountain range, to be in turn levelled. So the work goes on. So, likewise, in the building up of the human race. It is not by building up still higher a few families that she improves the whole, but by marriage, emigration and mingling in various ways to level these families down to the whole, and raise the whole thereby. Thus we are not the inheritors of the old families but of the old virtues. These illustrious settlers of the early days have had their qualities diffused to the whole community. The mountains have levelled up a continent.

When Masconnomet, Sagamore of Agawam, sold it for £20 to John Winthrop, the place was essentially in a state of nature, the soil covered with forests, and the inhabitants dependent on Indian paths. It was not to be wondered at that such darkness and gloom should cause the growth of a stern religion and a delusion like the ancient witchcraft. Around them the dark shadows of the primeval shades, strange footprints were seen in the winter snow; glimpses of beasts and beings only spoken of beneath the breath were had in the wilds. What wonder that their spirit was depressed to a stern and superstitious vigor.

The first act of the settlers was to organize a church, the ninth oldest in the Commonwealth. Governor Winthrop himself on one occasion walked the entire distance from Boston "to exercise the spirit of prophecy." The church bore all the

distinctive characteristics of Puritanism in its pastor and its teacher, its deacons, its tithing men, and its timing of the preaching by the hour-glass; the separation of the men and the women, the arms stacked at the door, and its long sermons,—the minister's salary being shortened if he shortened his discourse. In harmony with this was the stripping and public whipping of the Quakeress, Lydia Wardwell, in front of the tavern amid a large circle of men and boys, the poor woman being stripped to the waist, and her naked breasts torn to gashes by the rough posts to which she was lashed. In 1661 the selectmen were ordered to sell the farm of a man and woman who made the distance an excuse for their absence from the sanctuary. The town and the parish, the Town house and meeting house were all one, and that one the church. A person could not be a hog reeve till he experienced a change of heart. Fence viewers to be elected in town meeting had first to have been elected for all eternity in the counsels of of heaven and it was no use for a man to aspire to be a Town Crier who was not sound on the question of original sin, or a bugler to a training band if his moral trumpet gave forth an uncertain sound. To make the town a small theocracy and to keep the devil out of its corn by putting the Lord into the fences, that everywhere was the aim."

The oration was listened to with much interest, and the applause was frequent. Following it came the reading of Gail Hamilton's poem, by Mr. Roland Smith:

Throned on her rock-bound hill, comely, and strong and free,
She sends a daughter's greeting to Ipswich over the sea;
But she folds to her motherly heart, with welcome motherly sweet,
The children home returning to sit at her beautiful feet.

Fair is her heritage, fair with the blue of the bountiful sky:
Green to the warm, white sand, her billowy marshes lie;

Her summer calm is pulsed with the beat of the bending oar
Where the river shines and sleeps in the shadows of Turkey shore.

Down from the storied Past, tremble the legends still
As the woe of the Indian maiden wails over from Heart Break Hill,
And, alas the un-namable footprint! and the lap-stone dropped below!
From places so pleasant—poor devil—no wonder he hated to go!

Fair is my realm, saith the mother, but fairest of all my domain,
Are the sons I have reared, and the daughters, sturdy of body and brain.
Tender of heart and of conscience, ready, with flag unfurled,
For service at home, or, if need be, to the uttermost bounds of the world.

Never my bells of the morning fail to the morning air
With their summons of young minds to learning, with their summons of all souls to prayer.
Gracious yon pile where are stored me the treasures of thought today—
More gracious my children who poured me the wealth of the far Cathay.

Mourn your lost leader, my hamlet, sore needed, yet never again
To mingle his words of wisdom in the wide councils of men;
Nor forget whose hand first plucked its secret from the Mountain King's stormy breast,
And held up the torch of Freedom over the great Northwest.

Thrilled to him, hearts of the people, whose eyes were a smouldering fire,

Whose voice to the listening multitude rang like an angel's lyre—
But I hear the trill of light laughter in the thickets of feathery fronds,
Where a little lad dares for white lilies the deep of Chebacco ponds.

Rest in the peace of God forever, O man of good will
Who gathered the healing of heaven in the sunshine of Sweet Briar hill.
Far from the city's tumult, with my soft airs over blown—
In my arms of love I hold him, a stranger, and yet my own.

Where the footsteps of Maro wandered, where the waters of Helicon flow,
Where the cedars of Lebanon wave, where the path of the people should go,
O Blessed blind eyes that see—from the wrong dividing the right,
Shed on the darkness of day the gleam of your radiant night

And thou, O Desire of the Nation, loved from the sea to the sea
High above stain as a star, still upward thy pathway be!
By thy blood of the stately Midland, by thy strength of the Northern Pine.
By the sacred fire bright on thy hearthstone, I name thee and claim thee mine.

Come to me dear my children, from every land under the sun;
Nay, I feel by the stir of my spirit that all worlds are but one;
Nay, I know by my quickening heartthrob they are gathering by my side—
Veiled by God's grace with his glory—the dead who have never died.

Fathers whose steadfast uprightness their sons through no time can forget—

Mothers whose tenderness breathes in many an old home yet—
Hushed is the air for their coming, holy the light with their love;
What shall the grateful earth pledge to the Heaven above?

The best that we have to give; loyalty staunch and pure
To the land they love and the God they served while the earth and heavens endure.
We can bear to the future no greater than to us the past hath brought—
Faith to the lowliest duty, truth to the loftiest thought.

The exercises closed with the singing of the doxology, and the benediction, it being necessary to omit the hymn of Rev. J. O. Knowles, owing to the length of the exercises.

After a short intermission, the company repaired to the dinner tent where plates had been laid for one thousand people. The arrangements for the accommodation of the invited guests were excellent, each being assigned a place at the table, by the able ushers in attendance. Upon the north side of the tent was a raised platform, upon which were placed the tables for these; At the first table sat Hon. George Haskell, president of the day, Governor Robinson, Rev. J. C. Kimball, Judge Appleton, of Maine, Rev. Dr. Pike, of Rowley, Hon. George B. Loring, Adjutant-General Dalton, Rev. T. Frank Waters, toastmaster, John Heard, Dr. D. D. Slade, Mrs. Slade, Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. J. C. Kimball, Hon. E. J. Sherman, Hon. Leverett Salstonstall, Rev. E. B. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer, Hon. R. S. Spofford, Miss Mary A. Dodge, (Gail Hamilton), Rev. J. P. Cowles, Mrs. Cowles, Miss. Dyer, of the *Congregationalist*, Jeremiah S. Perkins, Joseph Pulsifer, Enoch Lord, Rev. J. S. Hanaford, Mrs. Hanaford, Rev. George D. Wildes, of New York, Mrs. Wagner, Rev. Jesse Wagner, Dr. Henry

Wheatland, President of the Essex Institute; N. Safford, Hon. N. A. Horton, of Salem, Chairman N. R. Farley, of the selectmen, Rev. Mr. Briggs, C. H. Warner, County Commissioners Colby, Graves and Bishop, Rev. Mr. Angier, Mrs. Angier, Rev. C. N. Smith, Rev. J. W. Dadman, Benjamin Kimball and Otis Kimball.

At the second table, Hon. Charles A. Sayward, chairman of the committee of arrangements, presided. On his right sat Hon. E. F. Stone, and at his left Hon. G. A. Bruce; and other guests assigned were Major Ben: Perley Poore, Hon. Luther Caldwell, Mrs. Caldwell, Roland Cotton Smith, Department Commander John D. Billings, Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, D. B. Hubbard, historian; Rev. C. Southgate, Mrs. Southgate, Rev. H. A. Hazen, Rev. Dr. Leeds, of Baltimore, Mayor Hill, of Salem, and many others.

After grace by Rev. John Pike, D. D., of Rowley, the edibles were discussed, at the close of which President Haskell said:

Ladies and gentlemen:—I shall not trespass upon your time in the presence of so many eminent guests whom you desire to hear. But I must take this opportunity to bid you all a hearty welcome to the town and to the festivities of the day. I also desire to express the great gratification the people of this town must feel at your interest in these exercises, and to thank you for your attendance upon this occasion. I will invite you all to be here at the next centennial celebration fifty years from to-day. It will undoubtedly be the lot of some of you—perhaps of many—to be able to be here at that time, and I assure all that shall then come that they will receive a cordial welcome.

I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, ladies and gentlemen, the Rev. T. Frank Waters, of this town, who

has kindly consented to assist in these exercises, by introducing the sentiments that are to be submitted to you, and by eliciting, as we hope, responses from some of our eminent guests.

The first toast proposed was "The President of the United States," to which the band responded. The next toast "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," brought up Governor Robinson, who said:

"Ladies and gentlemen:—To all the good children and descendants of the old town of Ipswich she gives to-day a welcome from her heart; by her fireside, in her sacred places nearest where men feel and love, there she bids her chosen ones return to drink anew at the fountain of inspiration that made our state and country. Personally, I cannot of myself claim to be a descendant of your honored town, and my memory and research have failed me in trying to find some great-great-grandmother or some cousin in the nineteenth degree who was born, or lived here, whom I might claim. But that failing me, and it being my official privilege to-day to speak for the Commonwealth, I desire to say that the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts comes back to the town of Ipswich to-day as one of the town's children; she was born in this and other communities like this. She is younger than Ipswich herself. We speak of the ancient Commonwealth, while the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that we know, that is founded on the principles expressed in her constitution which has been our guide these many years, that Commonwealth is nearly one hundred and fifty years the junior of the town of Ipswich. This community and others like it scattered all over this colony, expressed the purpose, the inspiration of the people that dwelt in them, and gradually come out of it the fruitage that developed into the state we call our own. Look at it. What concern have we as a

state today that was not in the control of the town 200 or 250 years ago? It took care of all matters of expenditure, provided seats in the meeting house. They even selected the leader of the choir, they took care of the schools and morals of the people, and raised troops and equipped them. Many of the customs and ideas of those times excite our curiosity and provoke sometimes our ridicule, but the people at that time were laying the foundations of the state upon a solid basis. It is not a cause for regret that the people stood by the Sabbath in the olden time. It will never injure this Commonwealth to adhere to the same principles for a quarter of a thousand years to come.

It has been said twice to-day that one of my predecessors walked all the way from Boston to Ipswich. Somehow or other there seems to be a kind of intimation that I didn't come the proper way. (Laughter) I have a very strong suspicion that if John Winthrop had the Eastern Railroad at his command, he would have purchased a ticket by that route, unless they exercised their characteristic generosity and gave him a pass. I find that the Governor did more than well down here. He came down Saturday night, and, finding the parish in want of a pastor, proceeded to exercise by way of prophecy. Since I discovered that, I wonder how many more duties are to be put upon the governor of Massachusetts. I submit that of all the men of intelligence, fertility and ingenuity, that have sat in the executive chair of Massachusetts from the days of Winthrop to those of my immediate predecessor, none, not one, have conducted themselves in the good old way. Not forgetting the principles that underlie good sound religion, the fathers interested themselves in the intelligence of the people, the making of man in his brain all that it is possible for him to be, and in pursuance of this they established early a school, one of the earliest in the country, and it may be the pioneer in the world. And though they stood by both

principles, religion and intelligence, they knew also how to be free. Liberty they would have, and they counted every man an enemy who attempted to thwart their high purpose. It will indeed be well for him who shall stand here 250 years hence and speak for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, if he can look on the history then completed and say as well of the town as may be said now. It rests with the generation of to-day what the verdict of the men shall be who write our history in the future History is not made in centuries, but in days; we live not as a whole, but in individuals' lives. Two hundred and fifty years from now we shall be forgotten, but your visitor to-day, whom I represent, will be here. Massachusetts dies not, because she exists in the living and endless life of her people. Massachusetts, in the prophecy of the present, will be here stronger, I take it, than now. A Massachusetts of an advanced civilization, I trust, of a correct high life, of pure principles, and devotion to all that helps the development and advancement of men.

I give you old Ipswich; may she be, for the 250 years next to come, for honor and liberty, and when her next celebration comes may she be as worthy as at present."

To the next, "John Winthrop, Jr., and the Original Founders of the Town of Ipswich," a letter was read from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and Hon. Leverett Salstonstall spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen:—I feel diffident in speaking in the place of the eloquent gentleman (Mr. Winthrop) who is not here. His imposing presence and rare eloquence would have done the occasion far greater justice. Carrying ourselves back 250 years to these noble men and women of 1634, we look with ever increasing astonishment upon the structure they reared, supported by the two great columns of religion and law. We have them ever before us in person, in

the remains of their work, and we have ever increasing gratitude to offer them. We are taught to think 250 years a great distance, a quarter of a thousand years; yet many an anecdote brings it near us. Col. Thomas H. Perkins, (whose grandchildren are here) was fond of telling how, when a young man, he had often seen an old man on the Cape who had seen Peregrine White, the child born on the Mayflower! One link only between the Pilgrim Fathers and the man we have known in our day! Many such things bring these founders near us. Last autumn, an English gentleman called on me and called me "cousin," having traced a connection through my emigrant ancestor. At the Salem celebration, the eloquent orator recalled the famous four, Conant, Woodery, Balch and Palfrey, who accompanied Endicott, and who welcomed Winthrop and Salstonstall from the "Arbella" saying each and all these names were represented in the audience before him. Dean Stanley, who was present, held up his hands in astonishent, saying no town in England could show such an instance. We are apt to think of the Puritan emigrants as stern old men who cared for nothing but one-hour sermons preached through the nose. On the contrary they were young men, many tenderly nurtured, and with all the ardor of youth. My ancestor was but 24, bringing a young bride of 18, and when to-day I looked on a dilapitated structure labelled, "Old Salstonstall House, 1635," I felt as a pilgrim in the Holy Land. So let it be with all of us. Cherish the memory of those noble natures who sacrificed so much. Let this be a constantly recurring festival."

"The Founders of the First Church of Ipswich," was responded to by Rev. E. B. Palmer, of the First Church, whose remarks were very interesting. "The distinguished men who have illustrated the annals of Ipswich," found response in Dr. Daniel Denison Slade, and Hon. Charles A. Sayward.

"Our Guests," brought interesting remarks from Hon. Ben: Perley Poore, and Rev. George Leeds, D. D., who proposed "The town of Ipswich," to which the band responded. Hon. Richard S. Spofford then read the poem of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, prefacing it by a few interesting remarks.

Glad that two centuries and a half
Have closed your happy labor,
From all her rivers Newbury sends
A greeting to her neighbor.

And zoned with spray-swept lights the grief
Of many storms upon her,
Old Gloucester calls, and Boston bends
Her triple crown in honor.

While Strawberry Bank cries o'er her reefs,
Wiscasset hears the voicing,
Great towns and hamlets up and down
The windy coast rejoicing.

Nor these alone. But they whose sires
Left fair Arcadia weeping,
Remembering warm and welcoming hearths,
Your festival are keeping.

Songs, too, far over summer seas,
Should swell your birthday pæan,
From children of the Cape de Verde,
From isles of the Ægean.

For where gaunt famine stalked in rear
Of battles's fell disorder,
Where stout hearts sank as harvests failed
And fire swept through the border.

Wide have you spread your generous hand,
With fond repeated action,

And dropped, as showers drop out of heaven,
  Your gracious benefaction.

Sweet Ipswich, throned upon your rock;
  And at your feet your river,
Uncounted birthdays be your share
  Forever and forever!

Forever may your civic heart
  Thrill, as in days long vanished,
Responsive to the anguished cry
  Of houseless and of banished.

And never may the hearts you bless
  To grateful impulse deaden,
But stir as blossoming clover fields
  To rain and sunshine redden.

Forever may your river flow
  In long, bewildering reaches,
To lose itself in foaming bars
  And surfs on silvery beaches.

And dusk in reds and purples, bright
  In green and golden shadows,
Fresh as the morning, ever keep
  Unchanged your sea-born meadows.

Still may the flashing sea-gulls wheel
  And scream beyond Bar Island,
As when they saw the Mayflower hang
  Beneath old Winthrop's Highland.

And ever on your Hundreds may
  The herds browse, and the swallows
Pursue your sails that mount and dip
  To seek your dim sea hollows.

O blessed may be the storied lands
The Hills of Beulah dearer,
But to our hearts your sylvan charm
Must still be something nearer.

And still the singer of the song
Finds no enchantment rarer.
And Ipswich shores so fair, that Heaven
Itself can scarce be fairer!

The seventh toast was responded to by Hon. George B. Loring, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture. He paid a deserving compliment to the orator of the day, and, speaking of the present industries of Ipswich, said the town had 158 farms which produced products, including 4800 tons of hay, to the amount of $98,450.

"Our public school system," was responded to by Mr. R. H. Manning, who is as well able to speak on the subject as any one living. The ninth toast was to have been responded to by Commander Billings; but that gentleman having left, the band played "Marching through Georgia." At this point, Mr. Sayward proposed a sentiment to the orator of the day, to which Mr. Kimball responded. The tenth toast was "The member of Congress from the seventh district," to which Hon. E. F. Stone responded, saying:

"Mr. President:—This is an interesting day for Ipswich, and every one of her guests at this time feels, as the Governor said that he did, a desire to find something in his pedigree by which he can claim some right to be here. One of my lineal ancestors, William Moody, was of the party who, in 1634, resided in Ipswich, and the next year went with Rev. Mr. Parker to establish a plantation at Newbury; this connects me with this

old town to some extent, and makes me feel as if I were not altogether a stranger in this place. At this late hour I will but hint a thought or two, suggested by the scenes and services of this day.

It was said by your orator that Ipswich was one of the characteristic New England towns, and this is true. It was composed of men selected for special service. It is also an integral part of the 7th Congressional District, a district which I have the honor to represent, a district distinguished in an especial sense by the ideas and habits and institutions which we associate with New England. De Toqueville, in his work on Democracy, asserts that New England ideas were gradually extended to the neighboring states, and from them to those more distant, till they finally permeated and colored the whole Union. This is true, and of all the districts which compose the entire Union, there is not one that more fully illustrates the truth of this statement than the Seventh District of Massachusetts. The Union was formed to meet the exigences of marine commerce, and there was not a district in any of the states that more clearly felt and understood the needs of that commerce than this old district composed of the sea-coast towns on the eastern coast of Massachusetts—not a district that did more to shape the policy of the government finally established. Mr. President, this country is to take the lead in the history of the future. The main current of civilization will be hereafter by the valley of the Mississippi, and the great rivers of the west, extending from sea to sea. Whether it will be faithful to the ideas which have ruled the policy of this republic in the past, it is impossible to tell. But a great future is before us. When John Winthrop and his brave associates landed on the desolate coast they had their dreams of conquest and ambition, but not one of that brave band, in the wildest flight of his imagination, anticipated that, in less than three centuries, they should behold on this western continent great nationality, equal in power and

resources to the leading nations of the old world: and yet such is our condition to-day—the work of the Puritan's heart and the Puritan's brain. And of all the congressional districts not one is in more thorough sympathy with the ideas and principles which have shaped our political history than the Seventh Massachusetts District, of which Ipswich is one of the principal towns."

In response to the toast "Our absent Fellow-townsmen," Col. Luther Caldwell, of Elmira, New York, spoke substantially as follows:

"Mr. President and friends:—Some time since I received an invitation from the chairman of your committee, to respond, in a "few words" to the sentiment just announced. The lengthening shadows warn me that this day's events will soon terminate, and I must exercise the gift of brevity. I will not say that Ipswich is a good place to emigrate from, when we we all know it is so desirable a place to live and grow, and be born in. "Young man, go west," said Horace Greely: but Mr. Greely had never visited Ipswich, or he would have said "Young man, go to Ipswich." It should be remembered that our fathers who came to America, were obliged to land on the coast—the rich lands of the interior were closed to them. On all the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, there is no more pleasant or healthy place than Ipswich, nor one on the seashore line more fertile or containing more natural beauties or greater advantages. To those of us who have wandered away, these attractions of the town are ever present in mind wherever we go. To those of you who have remained and kept green the graves of our venerable sires and cultivated the ancestral farms, Pope's words are appropriate:

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire."

Mr. President, this has been a red-letter day indeed, for old Ipswich; her sons have come from near and afar, and friendly greetings between those long absent and separated has been one of the marked features of this notable day. The town has been hardly able to hold all the thousands gathered within her fold to-day. The decorations of both public and private buildings have been general and in good taste. The grand old elms which ornament the streets on every side, stretching out their broad-armed branches over our heads, as if invoking countless blessings thereon, stand like

"Sentinels to guard enchanted land."

The summer foliage of the trees and herbage never looked fairer and fresher, and the beauty of the town in all its parts, draped, and in its holiday attire, makes the visit of your absent sons a luxury and joy, and an event long to be remembered with just pride. Also, especially to be commended was the soldierly bearing and military discipline of the veterans or "Grand Army" boys, whose appearance with full ranks of the Ipswich and Essex Posts, has been the proudest and the most honorable feature of all the incidents of this great and brilliant celebration. In closing these brief remarks, permit me in behalf of your absent sons, to thank and compliment you, Mr. President, the committee, and the dear old town, on the success of this anniversary of its incorporation."

Rev. Dr. Rust, of Cincinnati, who was expected to respond at this point, declined so to do, because of the lateness of the hour.

The band then played "Home, Sweet Home," and Mr. Roland Cotton Smith then spoke for the "Ladies of Ipswich." To "Ipswich in England," the following letter was read, and

the band played "God save the Queen:

Ipswich, July 29, 1881.

Dear Sir:--I regret it is not in my power to be present at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, as my mayorality duties entirely prevent my being absent for any long period during my year of office. I should have felt very proud to have returned thanks for old Ipswich amongst some of the descendants of those who emigrated from their native land in order that they might have freedom to carry out their political and religious opinions which were denied them in England. Being descended in a direct line from Philip Henry, I can fully sympathize with your Puritan fathers, who endured persecution because they desired to carry out their own views, and admire their adherence to those glorious principles which actuated Cromwell, Hampton and that noble band who fought for their liberties rather than bend and be downtrodden by our Stuart kings. Wishing that your enterprising town may increase and prosper, and ever be celebrated for its "civil and religious liberty."

Yours faithfully, John May,
Mayor of Ipswich, England.

John Heard, Esq.,
Of the committee of arrangements.

To the last toast, "The survivors of the last celebration 1834," Hon. S. H. Phillips responded, and the band played "Auld Lang Syne."

She audience then separated.

Among the letters of regret read were the following from Hon. James G. Blaine and John G. Whittier:—

Augusta, Maine, August 12th, 1881.

Mr. Sayward, Chairman of the Committee of Invitation:
Dear Sir:—It is with sincere regret that I find myself

unable to be present at the Celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Ipswich. Personally, I have the most agreable associations with your town, and, by marriage, I have a right to sit at your board. My children inherit the blood of two families who were among the original colonists that pitched their tents at Ipswich.

With such ample reason for deep interest in your town, I need not assure you of the great pleasure it would give me to join in your celebration if my engagements would permit me to leave Maine at this time.

Very sincerely,

James G. Blaine.

Amesbury, 8th month, 14, 1884.

To the Committee of the Ipswich Celebration:

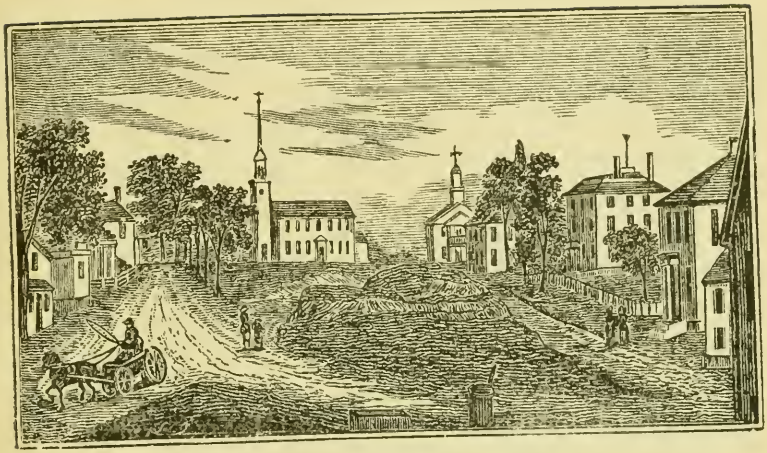
Gentlemen:—I very much regret that I am not able to avail myself of your kind invitation to the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Ipswich—the ancient Agawam. There are few towns in New England of older date, or about which cluster more interesting historical and legendary associations. Like your neighbor, Old Newbury, while it has sent its emigrants over the continent, it has retained its home reputation for honest manhood and worthy womanhood. Beautiful for situation on its fair river and pleasant hills overlooking bay and islands, the homesick eyes of its far-wandering children may well brighten with joy as they gaze once more on its familiar and fondly remembered scenery.

Thanking you for the invitation to a celebration in which every son of Essex, whether present or absent, will have an interest,

I am very truly your friend.

John G. Whittier.

It was remarked by everybody that the celebration passed off in a most successful manner, without a break or draw, the only thing to mar the happiness of the occasion being the sad death of Mr. Horatio P. Dunnels. It is earnestly hoped that the 300th anniversary will be as successful. The committee having the affair in charge were Hon. C. A. Sayward, chairman, John Heard, P. E. Clarke, Hon. Frederic Willcomb, George E. Farley, Joseph Ross, George Coburn, D. F. Appleton, N. R. Farley, Nathaniel Shatswell and Albert S. Brown.



Meeting-house Hill, 1839.

Old Homes of Ipswich.

The 250th anniversary gives a fresh interest to the ancient homes and homesteads of Ipswich.

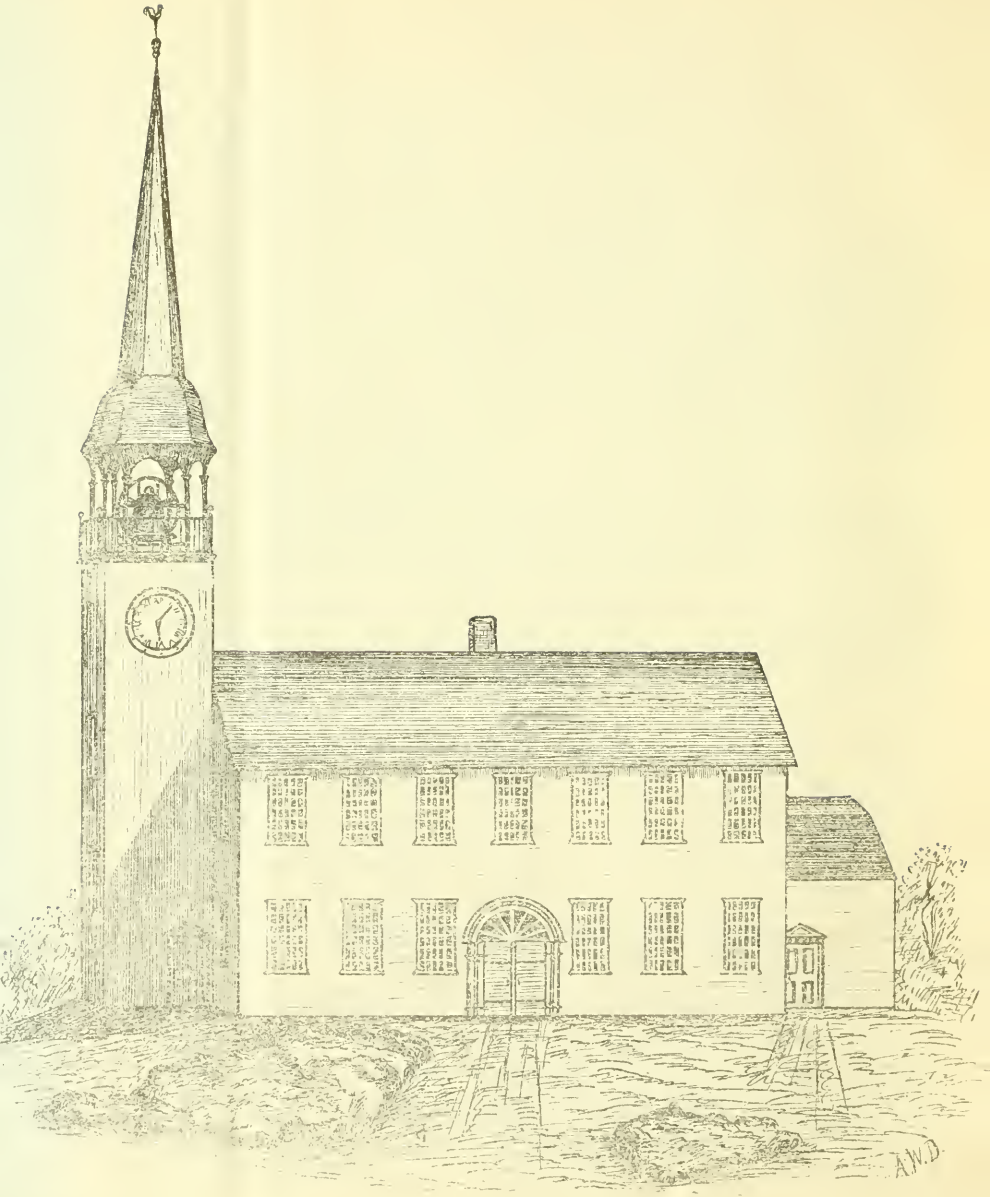
John Winthrop, Jr., and his "apostolic number," anchored near the foot of East street, in 1633. They cut staunch oak timbers for groundsills and rafters, pine trees for "rayles and

clayboards," built houses and dug wells on the southern sides of their new homes.

Although the first timbers were laid on East street, yet the heart of Old Ipswich is Meeting-house Green. No matter how long the outreached arm or how distant the straying foot, the old Green has been the centre and pulse. This arises from the fact that for years all public gatherings—religious, civil and military,—were held in the meeting-house or about it, and from generations of habit, the children naturally turn to the haunt of the fathers.

Old time meeting-houses were not sacred buildings. They were not dedicated as churches have been, since the Revolution. They were preaching places and town houses; they were for prayers, votes or any general duty that needed to be done under a roof. Publishment of marriages, warrants, notices of any town interests, requests for prayer and expressions of thanks, were each and all proclaimed here on Sundays and Lecture days. Ministers in bands and gowns, judges in scarlet, and prisoners in cuffs and chains, people in Sunday best, or week-day clothes, entered now and again as the call happened to be.

As early as 1634, the first meeting-house was built on the Green, and Edmund Gardiner, who had the title of "Mr.", took care of it, and covenanted to keep it water tight as well as clean, and take his pay in summer wheat. There was a bell on this first house; and the sound of it, caught up by the breath of summer or the blast of winter, was pleasant and homelike—as a bell has been to all generations since. In 1640, Ralph Varnum rang the bell and read marriage publishments on Lecture days.



North Meeting House. 1719–1816.

In 1647, a second meeting-house supplanted the first. It was square, with a turret in the centre, and windows with leaden sashes, inserted as suited convenience. A few years later, this house was enlarged, and the first bell was hung upon the school-house, and Mr. John Appleton, merchant, was impowered to buy a larger one in London. Fifty-three citizens paid for it, and the subscription list upon the town-books is one of the pleasant relics of a generation gone forever into the past. Theophilus Wilson had the care of this house.

In 1699–1700, the third house was erected, probably near on the site of the soldiers' monument. It was "banked up with stones and gravill" from the old fort on the green, indicating that after more than sixty years of Indian strifes, the towns were settling into a sense of security, and had no longer need of garrison-house and fort. The pulpit of this house was "plact neer ye edge of ye great rock in ye meeting house about seventeen foot from ye wall."

In 1749 was erected the spacious house which is now a distant memory to people fast passing life's meridian. It was called homely and ante-dated in 1846, when its history ended; but, as the picture of it returns and memory sees the needle-like spire, high—to our child-thought—as the very heavens, and the inviting double doors, spanned by an arch as graceful as if drawn with nature's own eye; and, within, the bobbined pew, the sounding-board—"a master-piece of ingenuity," as old people expressed it, we wonder why Parson Kimball said, (as some can distinctly remember, even to the very tone of his voice), "This house must be taken down; so all the young people say, so most of the middle-aged say, so not a few of

the fathers and mothers say, and, last of all, to cap the climax, the pastor pronounces his hearty Amen!" It was illuminated at the tidings of the last peace with England; Lafayette was welcomed in it by Nathaniel Lord, jr., Esq.; the eloquent voice of Choate filled it; and a thousand interests clustered there.

Mrs. Anna (Stewart) Baker.
Born 1776.

Joseph Baker.
1784–1346.

The next house, in importance, to the meeting-house, was the Ordinary or Inn. Robert Andrews, "drew beere" on the south side of the river in 1635, and Samuel Cole on High street,

in a house but recently torn down. But the first tavern which seems to have found special place in records is the Sparke Inn of 1671. We hear first of Sparke as the tenant of Deputy Thomas Bishop, who lived on the Green. John Sparke was succeeded by Mr. Rogers, who had the "Sign of the Black Horse." Mr. Crompton followed Rogers. Next we find the name of "Taverner Smith," who moved into Ipswich from Boxford; and, later, "Taverner Treadwell," who is quaintly described in the diary of President John Adams, as Sparke, Rogers, and Crompton are alluded to in the Judge Sewall Diary. This old Treadwell Inn is now known as the residence of the late Joseph Baker and wife, and of his sister Mary, who, in her young womanhood, taught children their "A B C's" and young misses how to write and work samplers.

To the south of the old Treadwell Tavern is the Rogers' house, in which lived Mary Crompton Rogers, whose portrait, painted at 18, is still preserved by the Bowkers, of Salem—her descendants. A chest of Rogers' papers was in possession of Mary's children—and where is it now?

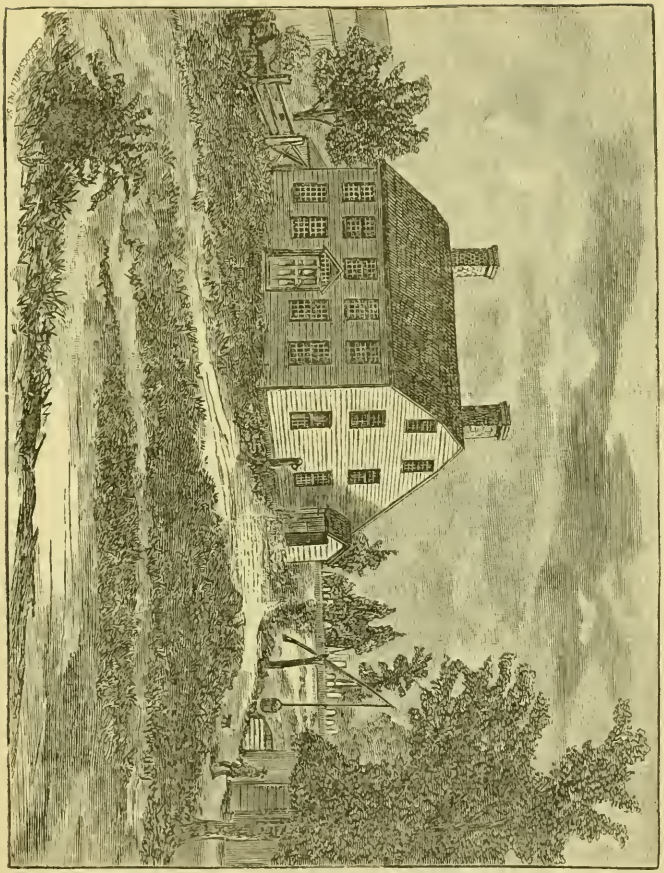
Adjoining this Rogers' house was that of the "Hon'ble and Collo: John Appleton," whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter of President John Rogers, and whose grand-daughter was the wife of Reverend John Walley, first pastor of the South Church. In this house, (now owned by Mrs. Wilhelmina Wildes,) were secreted Goffe and Walley, as tradition says, and a closet-like room, with a fire-place in it is conjectured to have been their retreat. Old coins were recently found in this house bearing date of 1657. Here lived Post-master Daniel Noyes,

Abraham Hammatt. 1854.

of worthy memory; and here died Abraham Hammatt, a man long to be remembered for his antiquarian researches.

On the site of the Coburn house, on the Green, lived Anthony Potter, whose wife was fined for wearing a silk bonnet to meeting: and where Edward P. Kimball, Esq., lives, once stood the house of Robert Dutch, who was scalped at Bloody Brook, and, strangely enough, lived to come home and recover health and life.

In this very vicinity first dwelt John Cogswell, until he moved his family to Chebacco, and lived as became a man of his wealth. One of his descendants erected the large colonial mansion in Chebacco, which attracts at once the notice of a passer-by.



Cogswell Mansion. Chebacco.

The Seminary on the opposite side of the Green supplanted the house built by Mr. Henry Sewall, (father of Judge Sewall,) when he wintered in Agawam, and was sold by him to Deputy Governor Symonds. And next above was a little and ancient house, whose latest occupant was Elizabeth Brown, known to the last generation as Betty B. She made black silk bobbin lace for a living. On cold Sundays she carried a tin foot-stove to church, filled with turf coals. She buried in the hot ashes of its deep dish, each Lord's day, two goodly potatoes. While Mr. Frisbie preached his long, wintry sermon, the potatoes contentedly baked; the coals kept her feet warm; and, during the hour's nooning, she refreshed herself with hot potatoes, and was all ready for the afternoon exercises.

Denison Arms.

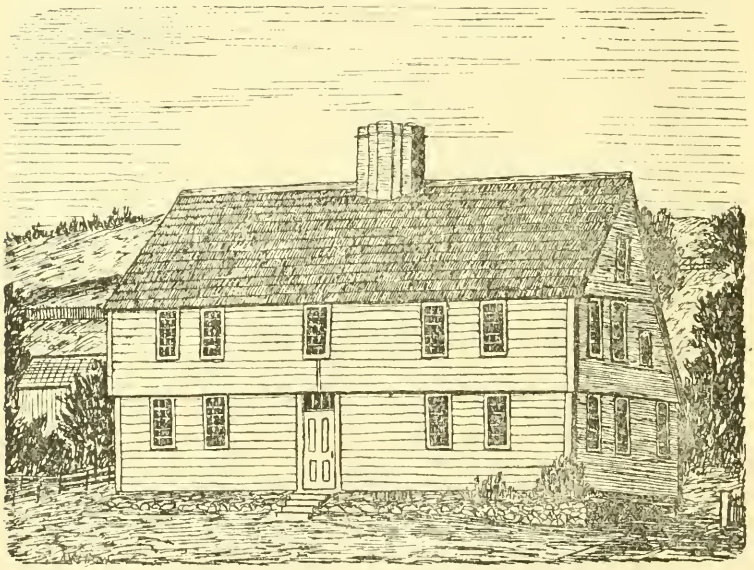
Major-General Denison lived on the Green "near ye pound," which was a stone-wall enclosure near the barn of the late Rev. D. T. Kimball. The whipping-post and pillory were here, and their sites are marked by elms planted by the late

Aaron Cogswell, who dug up, and, for aught we know, preserved the decaying stumps of these instruments of torture.

On the way from the Green to High street, we pass the Dodge house, built in 1640, and sold in 1648 by Thomas Manning to Robert Whitman. It was owned later by Dr. John Brigham, who was born in Boston, in 1645, and died in Ipswich, in 1721. "Very skillful," the town record says, "being commonly attended with great success." He gave a silver cup, in dying, to the church. His house passed later into the possession of the Dodges, who came from Wenham. For fifty years this family were a part of the sinew, strength and character of all departments of the public life of the town; and Colonel Abram, one of the sons, was a prominent friend of Washington; and, when the President passed through Ipswich, Colonel Nathaniel Wade lifted up Rebekah, the little daughter of Colonel Abram, and told Washington it was the only child of his late friend, Colonel Dodge. Washington immediately took her in his arms and kissed her in memory of her father. Rebekah became the wife of Joseph Waite in 1802.

On East street is the ancient Fawne house of 1635—better known in town history and records as the Norton and Cobbett house. It was built by John Fawne, in 1635, one year after the incorporation of the town. He was a man of wealth, and had the title of "Mr." Plain men were simply designated as "Goodman." Mr. Fawne sold the house in 1636 to Thomas Firman, a grandson of the famous Nathaniel Ward, author of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," and a son of the first doctor of Ipswich. Mr. Firman sold it to the Rev. John Norton, one of the prominent ministers of early New England. He was

called from Ipswich to Boston in 1656, and the controversy between the towns concerning his removal was long and heated, and not altogether according to St. Paul's charity, which "is not easily provoked." Mary Norton, widow of the Rev. John, donated the land in Boston on which the Old South stands. Rev. Thomas Cobbett, the successor of Mr. Norton



Norton and Cobbett House, 1635.

in Ipswich, took possession of the house in 1656, and died in it nearly fifty years later, and Cotton Mather wrote his epitaph. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Wainwrights. During the Revolution it was occupied by Jeremiah Staniford, a prominent man of his generation. His wife is remembered as one who gave her family stockings to some bare-legged

volunteers, marching hurriedly to Charlestown from Exeter, as the tidings of Bunker Hill went sweeping over the land.

Still later, it was partly owned by Richard Sutton, grandfather of the late General William T. Sutton, of Peabody. It is said the old General took much interest in this old home of his ancestor and its history.

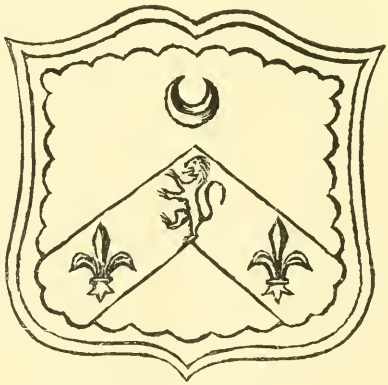
The joint owner of this place with Mr. Sutton was Abraham Caldwell—grandfather of Mr. Abraham Caldwell, an octogenarian, now residing on High street. Mr. Caldwell's books, which were left in this house at his death, included Latin and Greek volumes and works of theology which would have whet the swords of the clergy of that day.

Mr. Foster Russell was born in this house eighty years ago, and now owns half of it. The other half was owned for many years by the late Mr. Daniel L. Hodgkins, and is now in possession of Mr. Daniel S. Burnham, of Boston. The very quaint and, probably, the original front door of this old ministerial home is preserved by Mrs. Hodgkins. In this house Governor Endicott and Doctor Increase Mather were once entertained, and, also, old Mugg, a famous and dreaded sagamore of Maine, when on his way to Boston.

At the west of this old dwelling lived, in a regal way, Colonel Francis Wainwright, whose name comes down from generation to generation, as the man who died on his bridal week, while his wedding clothes were lying upon the marriage bed. Judge Sewall relates what has been tradition in Ipswich for generations:

Aug't 3, 1711. Col. Francis Wainwright dies at his own house at Ipswich. Left Salem for his last, July 25, the day before his first-appointed Wedding-day, which Appointment was

remov'd to the last of July. He was Sick at Ipswich on the Lord's-day, July 29, and died on the Friday following, at 10 m; his Bride being with him. 'Tis the most compleat and surprising Disapointment that I have been acquainted with. Wedding Cloaths, to a Neck-cloth and Night-Cap, laid ready in the Bride-Chamber with the Bride's Attire: Great Provision made for Entertainment: Guests, several come from Boston, and entertain'd at Mr. Hirst's: but no Bridegroom, no Wedding. He was laid in a new Tomb of his making lately, and his dead wife taken out of another, and laid with him, Tuesday, Augt. 7. Bearers, John Apleton, esqr, Col. John Higginson, esqr; Daniel Epes esqr. Stephen Sewall esqr: Lt Col. Savage, and Mr. Daniel Rogers. Mrs. Betty Hurst, the Bride, was principal Mourner.



Here lies entombed the
body of
Col. Francis Wainwright, Esq.,
Who died August ye 3, 1711, Ætatis 47,
& his vertuous Consort, Mrs. Sarah
Wainwright, who died March ye 16,
1709, Ætatis 38,
With three of their youngest
children, John, Francis, & John
Who died in their infancy.

The old High street grave-yard contains the old tomb of this prominent man, and the nearly obliterated inscription and arms are as on the previous page.

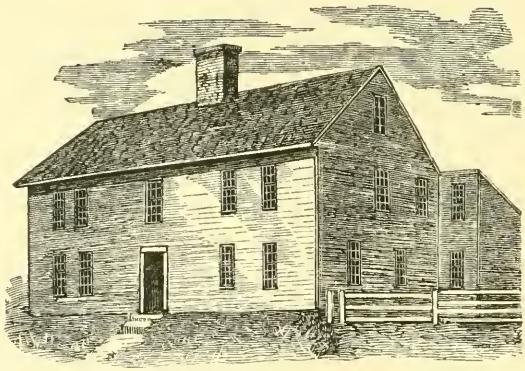
Still farther to the west, on High street, is the house built by Rev. Nathaniel Rogers in 1728, a fine specimen of the spacious style of that day. It is now remembered as the home of Nathaniel Lord, Jr., so long a register of probate. Next to him lived Rogers' son, in the house now the residence of Mrs. Bradbury. Forty years ago, this was the home of the naturalist, Oakes, whose name is one of the treasures of all New England.

Still farther above on this street lived names which will be remembered as long as the old town has a history: William Bartholomew, the clerk in whose writing are the earliest town records; Robert Lord, ancestor of that famous Ipswich family which has in all generations been staunch and strong, and from whom descended Judge Otis P. Lord.

Governor Bradstreet, and Anne, his wife, who was the first poetess of New England, lived for eight years in Ipswich and their home was on the third house lot east of the High street graveyard. Governor Dudley, father of Anne Bradstreet, lived on the second lot.

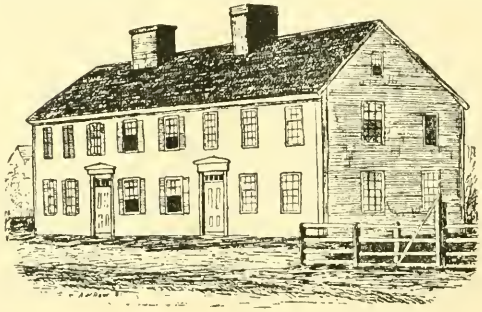
In this immediate neighborhood still stands the ancient John Caldwell house, which, since 1654—two hundred and thirty years—has been held by his descendants. It was built by Richard Betts and sold by him to Cornelius Waldo, an ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The mother of the Caldwells was Sarah Dillingham, who was left an orphan at two years of age, in 1636. Her mother gave, by will, a

silver bowl to Mistriss Saltonstall, and a silver porringer to Mistriss Appleton, and to the husbands of these ladies "ffyve pounds" a piece.



John Caldwell House. 1654.

It is an interesting fact that Colonel Nathaniel Shatswell, chief marshal of the 250th anniversary, resides in the very homestead on High street granted to his ancestor, John Shats-

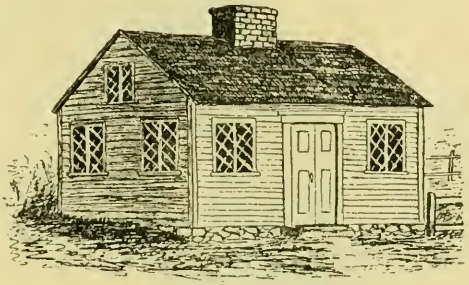


Shatswell House. High Street.

well, in 1634—the year of the incorporation of the town.

During the entire history of Ipswich, a Shatswell has occupied the spot.

Near the High street school was, formerly, a hill, which is now completely levelled; it had the singular name of



Simon Smith's House. 1790.

"Gander." At the foot of this hill lived Simon Smith, in a house which was, doubtless, a fair specimen of the style of small houses of that day.

South Part of the Town.

The south part of the town has many points of interest. Captain Baker's house, built in 1635, was once the home of John Proctor, father of Joseph, who went from Ipswich to Salem, and was condemned as a witch, chiefly because he thought a good whipping would be a sensible remedy for the bewitched girls of that dreadful delusion.

Opposite the town hall is the early home of Joseph Greene Cogswell, (first librarian of the New York Astor Library) and

of his sister, Elizabeth, whose love for Joseph was very like Elizabeth Whittier's love for her poet brother.

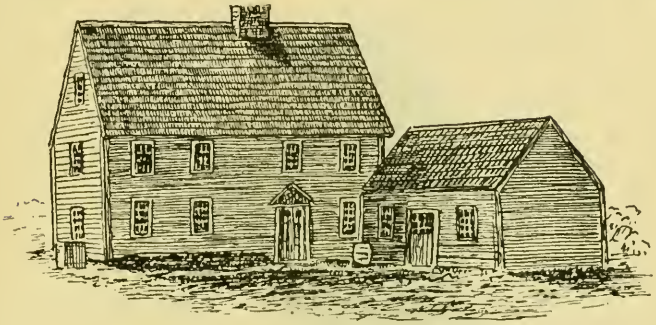
Miss Eunice Jones. 1793–1825.

In the next house but one, now owned by William Reddy, was entertained the Rev. George Whitefield in 1740, when he was in Ipswich and preached on the great rock, since called "Whitefield's Pulpit." This house was erected by William Jones in 1728, and remained in the name 150½ years.

Opposite the Jones house stood the Knowlton house, built in 1692 and taken down about 1862.

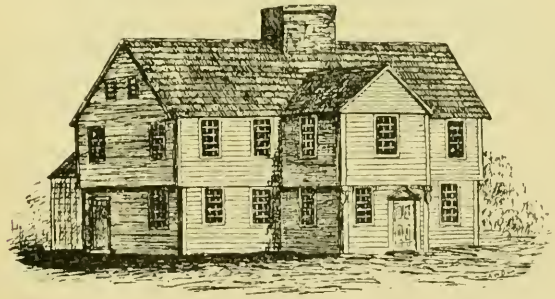
John Knowlton, the builder, died September 11, 1720, leaving a widow, Sarah, and two sons, Abraham and Isaac. Isaac married Mary Dear, October 12, 1723, and had possession

of the house. He died in 1758, and gave it to his widow, Mary (Dear). She sold it to Robert Choate, whom she afterwards married. Mr. Choate gave it to his daughter, Mrs.



John Knowlton's House. 1691–2.

Elizabeth (Choate) Farley, wife of General Michael Farley. It was owned later by Aaron Wallis. In 1820 it was bought by Amos Jones, blacksmith, and remained in his family till 1860. Two years later it was demolished.



Dr. Wallis' House.

A few rods to the south lived Doctor Samuel Wallis, who died, greatly lamented, in 1728, in his early manhood. The

house was probably built in 1692, by Mr. Nathaniel Rust, the man who made the mourning gloves for Mr. Cobbett's funeral.

Where the residence of Mr. John Heard now stands, the

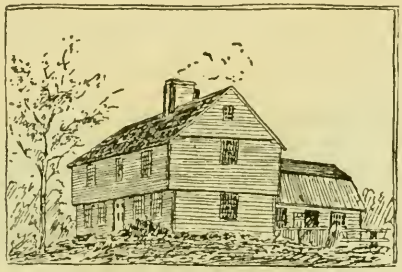
Colonel Nathaniel Wade, died 1826.

first Kinsman built his house; and the Zenas Cushing mansion once sheltered the immortal Washington. In the Wade house, a few rods to the south, (built in 1728), lived the trusted friend and counsellor of Washington and Lafayette—Colonel Nathaniel Wade. So tenderly was he regarded and remembered by Lafayette, that when the two met in Ipswich in 1824, after years of separation, they embraced each other and wept.

At the eastern end of the Wade home is the site of the Nathaniel Ward house, where lived the author of "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam."

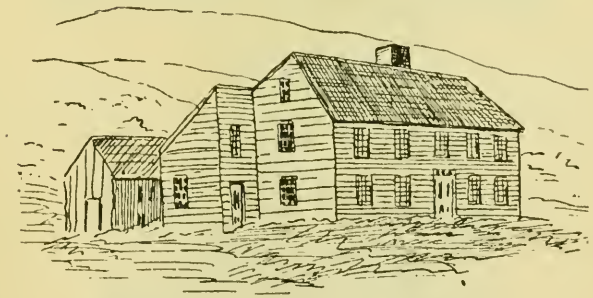
And just across the meadow, on the Essex road, is the

earliest shelter of John Winthrop, jr., the founder of the town, and the place where fell the first great shadow of his young



The Winthrop House. 1633.

life, when his wife, scarcely more than a bride, was carried out for burial.



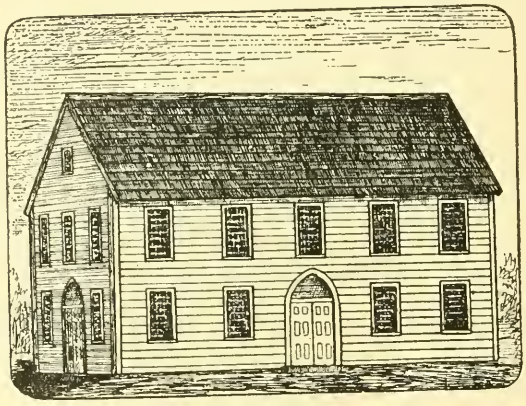
Castle Hill Farm House, built by John Winthrop, Jr.

Five years later Mr. Winthrop received as a grant from the town the Castle Hill farm, on which he built the house which stood more than two centuries and sheltered many widely known names.

Nathaniel Rogers, the first of the long line of ministers and father of a college president, lived where Mrs. Trask's home

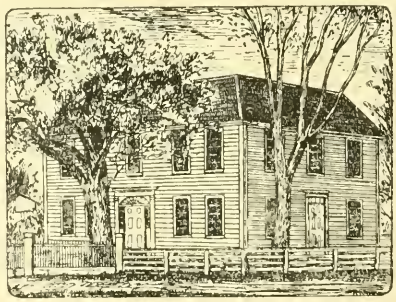
L. OF C.

is; and a little to the south still stands another old Norton house, where the South church of Ipswich was organized.



South Parish Meeting House. 1747–1838.

On the Green in this part of the town stood the old meeting house, where preached John Walley and Joseph Dana, and



The Walley-Dana House.

where Daniel Fitz was ordained: and a stone's throw from

the spot still stands the home of both Walley and Dana.

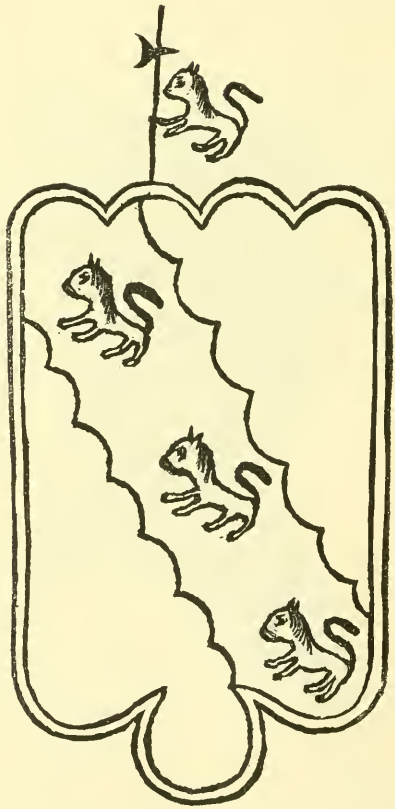
A brick in the chimney of this South church manse, bore the date of 1696.

A profile of Dr. Dana is in possession of Mrs. Elizabeth Dana Tappan of Derry, N. H.

Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D.

On Turkey shore, (more modernly called Prospect street,) were names now known the wide world over. Here lived Thomas Emerson, the ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and his house-lot can be unmistakably traced. The Ringe family were his neighbors, and they, inter-marrying with the New

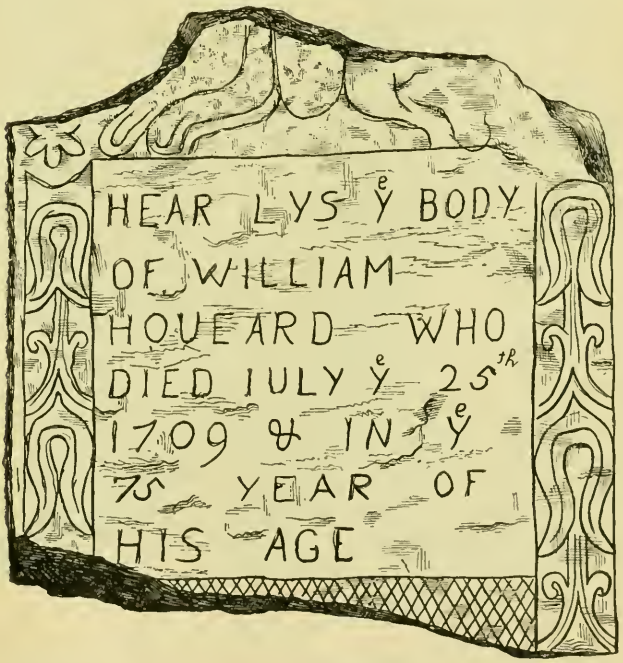
Hampshire Wentworths, had royal governors for their children. And on this "shore" lived also William Hubbard, the early



Emerson Tombstone.

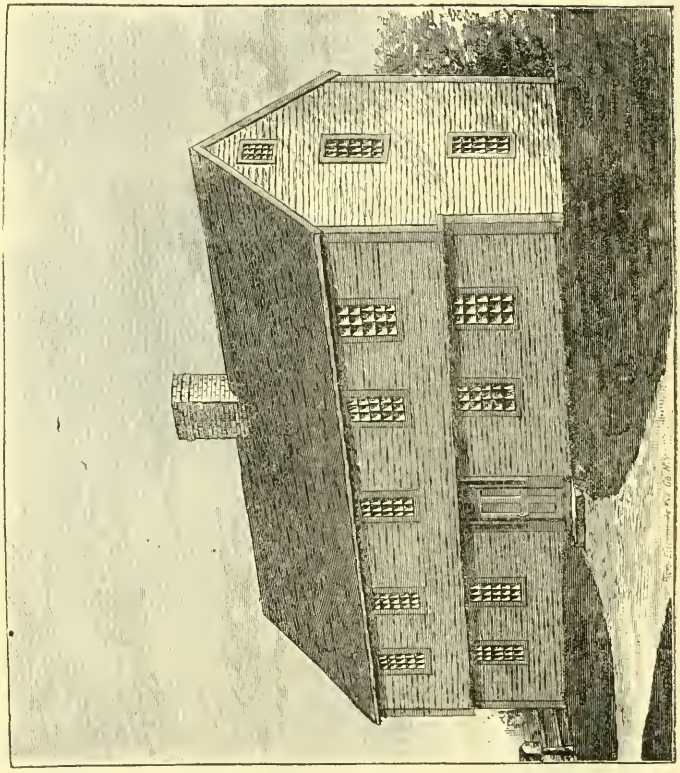
historian, whose lips oftimes dropped pearls, if his path was not always strewn with flowers. The cellar lines of his house are yet traceable in Mr. Grant's field.

Thomas and Susanna Howard came from Aylesford, in the *Hercules*, with five children. He settled in Ipswich, and his son, William, married Tabitha Kinsman, and lived in what is known as the Dawson house. At his death the house descended to his sons, John and Samuel—and these brothers opened, in 1709, the drive way, which has been called for generations "Love Lane."



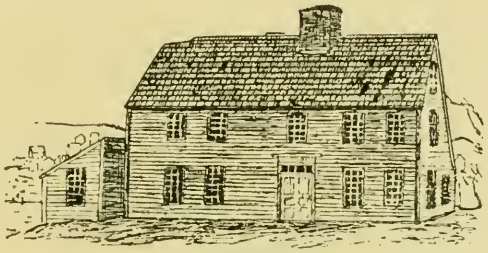
The grave of William Howard was marked with a stone which yet remains.

About 1760, the Howards sold the house to Samuel



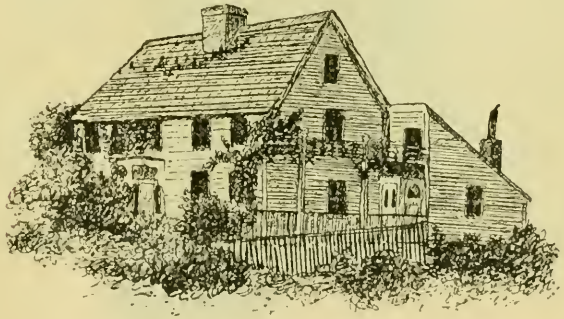
Old Dawson House. Home of William Howard.

Ringe—and later it became the home of Capt. Ebenezer Caldwell—the grandfather of Mrs. James G. Blaine.



Daniel Hovey's House. 1668.

At the northerly end of Turkey shore is the ancient Hovey house erected by Daniel, the emigrant, in 1668. His wife was a sister of Thomas Andrews, the grammar school-master who succeeded Ezekiel Cheever



The Foster—now the Daniel S. Burnham House.

The house and schoolroom combined of the famous grammar schoolmaster, Ezekiel Cheever, whom Boston stole

away, stood on the very site of Thomas Tilton's barn. It was by no means a spacious house, but for more than 150 years it was the place where Ipswich boys were prepared to go to Cambridge. The house was a gift to the school by its founder, Robert Paine, whose name should be always written in letters of pure gold.

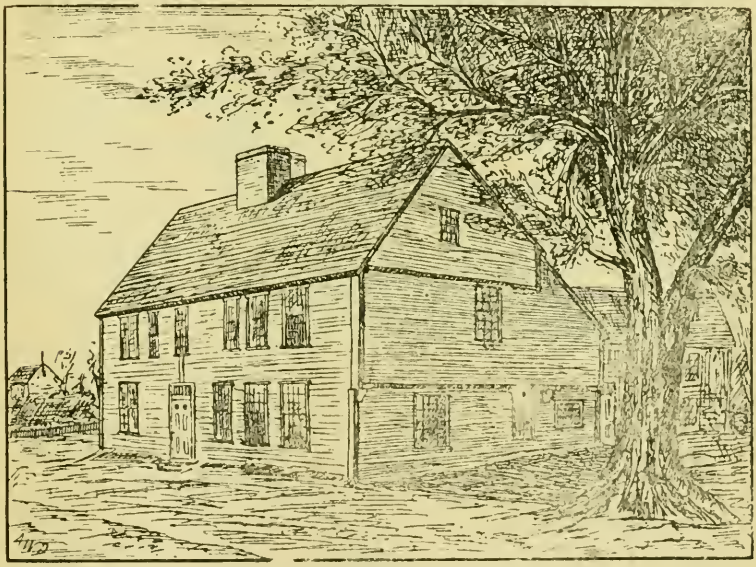
On the opposite side of the river from the Howard house, is an ancient and interesting residence. It was built,

Colonel Joseph Hodgkins. Died 1829.

with another which once stood at its side, by Robert Wallis, and sold by him to Roger Preston, whose wife's name

was Martha. In 1657, Preston sold both houses to Reginald Foster, who gave them, as tradition has it, as marriage settlements to two of his sons in 1658.

Martha Preston's chest, which she brought from England filled with her wedding outfit, is now in possession of John Patch, Esq., one of her descendants. It is made of oak, cedar, and ebony, and is a very curious and valuable relic of early house-keeping in New England.



SALTONSTALL.

Very near the railroad station is the old home of Richard Saltonstall—a man who filled up the measure of his life with deeds and words which have kept his name familiar to all generations since the settlement of the town.

And this old house has additional interest as the home of Col. Joseph Hodgkins, who is yet held in local memory as one of the patriots of Bunker Hill, and succeeding battles of the Revolution.

Directly opposite the Eastern railroad station is the house lot of the first Appleton of Ipswich, and in the house built thereon, on the evening of August 27, 1687, the famous Ipswich men, John Wise, William Goodhue, John Andrews, Robert Kinsman, Thomas French, John and Samuel Appleton, settled the question that Andros, the king-appointed governor, had no right to tax the people unless the Assembly consented. No spot in all the town is of deeper patriotic interest than the Appleton house-lot.

A score of other houses could be counted, all of local interest. No wonder old Ipswich loves to count over her jewels. They were the grace of her youth and are the crown of her old age.

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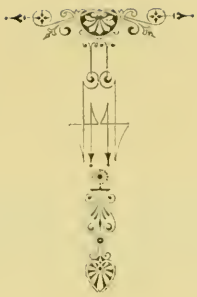
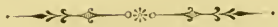


Dr. F. H. Stockwell, Dentist.



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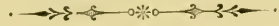

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